



# Write a letter to yourself

zombies

creative

491

30

36

## Chapter 1 by Joakim

The year is 2030 and you are one of the few survivors left. But only because you received a letter from the future.

## Chapter 2 by Maria Malik

The letter had told you that you were in great danger, but the letter had provided the steps to survive.

## Chapter 3 by Lorraine

You read the steps to survive and find that the steps are incomplete. The last steps states: This zombie apocalypse will be hard to conquer, but all you need to know is to- then the edge is ripped off. You get scared.

## Chapter 4 by Vedant Rungta

Immediately after that this isn't a joking matter, you begin the long steps necessary to protect yourself. You start by buying a gun. You start spreading the word... Or atleast you try, but it seems to be a waste of time.

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You flick on the iPhone 23 with a twitch of your eyebrow and catch the latest update from World Life President Trump.

People of Trumpworld...

He begins

...I bring grave news...

Above, his face, his luscious red-blond hair ripples lightly as if to emphasise the point.

### Chapter 6 by Eve Erkens



"As I have announced months ago, the Trump World Research Center has been working on solutions to prolong human lives by uploading human consciousness on to the internet. We had the opportunity to run some experiments on a few of the brightest and most intelligent people we've known to have walked this planet, and we have successfully uploaded the consciousness of the first ten brilliant minds on to the internet.

Unfortunately, one of the brilliant minds that was uploaded was of Dr. Andrea Anderson. And something we never could have foreseen has happened. Dr. Anderson has created a virus using the infinite resources from the darkest corners of the world wide web. The said virus has the ability to drive anyone in visual contact with it to somehow turn into the undead state, or as popularly known, zombies. This virus can attack you from your computer screens, through your smartphones, your television, your smartglasses, and even your smartContactLenses. It can hide in emails, video clips, and even regular messages and can be triggered by various things such as certain sounds or gestures.

Stay in your homes, avoid all electronic contacts to anyone, and..." and then the transmission went dead.

### Chapter 7 by Eloise



You shove your phone into your pocket. How were you going to survive the apocalypse and the virus? The only thing left to do was... See more of Story Wars and wait for it to pass. Who had sent the letter?

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Then you realize something as you look closer at the letter. The handwriting seems familiar, but a bit tarnished. The person who had written the letter was the Future YOU.

## Chapter 8 by intellikat



### \*You wake up with the worst headache ever\*

It is two days after your realisation. Things seem foggy at first, but then it all begins to come back.

Once realising that you have written to yourself from the future, you knew exactly where the torn part of the letter must be. When you were a child, you used to play "treasure map" with your sister. There was always a map with one edge missing, and until that edge was found, you could not solve the clues.

You always hid that edge in the same place for your sister, and now you know that your future self must have done the same for you.

You make your way from your castle stronghold to your childhood home. On the even of the zombie apocalypse, things are yet still. You still have time.

You find your way into the dank basement, flashlight in hand. At the far wall, you loosen a brick with mortar that has fallen away and reach into the cavity to find...

The missing edge of the letter, sealed in a plastic bag.

You tear it open and fit it together with the other piece.

It reads:

"This zombie apocalypse will be hard to conquer, but all you need to know is to... remove that part of your brain that can be infected. You must remove half your brain."

I had known of this procedure before. A hemispherectomy. I knew that as strange as it sounded, half the brain could be removed without serious damage done to memory or personality.

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I looked at the night sky through the small window in my room. And I knew what I had to do to survive.

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I turned to my father's saber saw sitting on the bench in one corner. I walked to its edge, and I turned on the worklamp. A bottle of rubbing alcohol and a new rag sat nearby, waiting.

Thank you, self.

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